Canine Bliss

By born2beagator and Jackthelizard

Sunday. The last day of freedom before school struck. Caleb was a high school freshman, decent grades, but he was tired of the grind. His time at home was spent either playing video games with his brother, Rod, or surfing the net. Recently he had taken to watching hypnosis videos on YouTube. They never worked, but he liked imagining they did. Today, he was feeling particularly depressed about going back to school, and he really needed an escape. He sat at his computer for a bit looking over the search results. Finally one with a husky on it caught his eye. "Canine Bliss...hmm sounds interesting." He clicked it, sat back, and relaxed.

The tape began playing. A background of static filled the room along with the sound of a tape playing. It was all very pleasant, very calming. In the background a heartbeat could be heard.

"Hello there." The voice emerged from the static. "You clicked this video thinking you'd find something pleasant? Something very doggy? Is that what you wanted? Speak boy."

"Very...doggy?" Caleb asked, blinking at the video. He grinned. This was a very well made video, it was as if it was having a conversation with him. "I suppose so."

"Good boy." The voice was warm, friendly. "It takes courage to listen to me. First I'm going to put you into a trance. I want you to relax..."

"Oh here we go." Caleb rolled his eyes, all of the hypnosis videos did this, none worked. "Whatever." He sunk back into his chair. "Do your best, I've never been able to go into trance."

"First I want you to relax your muscles. Yes that's it boy. Start with your feet. Let them go limp. Let it work up to your ankles. Let your knees relax and let the muscles in your thighs loosen up. Do you feel your arms go limp? Do you feel your neck uncramp? Can you feel your heart? It beats, only barely. Now I will count back from ten.

"Ten...nine....eight...seven....six....five....four....three....two....one....you are now in a trance. Tell me boy." The voice said.

Caleb felt as if he was lying in a cool pool of water. "What do you know...it worked..I'm in a trance." He barely whispered. This was the first time one of these videos had actually got him to go into a trance.

"Why are you here boy? Tell me." The voice flowed through Caleb like swift honey. The voice was so warm. It was so strong. It was good to obey.

"I want to relax before I have to go back to school. Watching hypnosis videos calms me down." Caleb said slowly.

"School boy?" The voice chuckled. "An obedient boy like you doesn't need school, does he?"

"I do. I need to keep my grades up." Caleb responded. He wasn't going to let this video mess him up that much!

"No it's fine. All boys can afford more school." The voice said. "This will teach you how to be a good boy. You are a good boy, or you will be one soon. A very good dog. Repeat for me."

"I'm a very good boy." Caleb repeated.

"Good boy! You are very obedient but you could be so much more. Do you want to know how?"

"Yes." Caleb was feeling more relaxed than he ever had in his life.

"Good. I want you to reach your full potential." The voice could be trusted. It wouldn't harm him. "Now Caleb, what do you do when you meet someone new? What sense do you use?"

"My sense of touch, I shake their hand." Caleb replied. The voice laughed.

"Silly boy. Of course not. The first thing you get is their scent. You sniff the air boy. Do you understand?"

That didn't seem right, but the voice hadn't led him astray yet. He tried sniffing a couple of times. "Yes I do. That was silly of me. I'm a silly boy."

"I'm going to teach you everything new." The voice swirled around his head. "How you walk is wrong. How you speak is wrong. How you eat is wrong. How you play is wrong. You should be on all fours Caleb."

All doubt withered away. The voice even knew his name. He wanted to do what it said. "Like this?" Caleb asked as he got to his hands and knees.

"We'll work on it boy when you listen tomorrow." The voice said. "Show me you're happy boy."

"How?" Caleb asked curiously.

"Let your instincts guide you Caleb." The voice said. "React how you desire too. I'll guide you from there."

"But how do I show I am happy? I want to do what you say!" Caleb said desperately.

"Come on boy." The voice now turned encouraging. "You want to do good for me don't you? Don't you?"

"Yes!!! But how!?" Caleb was practically on the verge of tears, he wanted to be told what to do so he could obey.

"Where is your energy going boy?" The voice asked. "Relax. Feel your muscles. Move what you want to move."

Caleb felt all the tension leave him, except for one spot. Slowly, his behind began to shake back and forth.

"Very good boy." The voice praised. "Do that. Doesn't it feel amazing boy?"

Caleb began shaking his behind faster. "Yeah! I'm so happy!"

"Good boy!" The voice was amused. "Any time you feel good just do that. Now stop boy. Let's discuss eating."

"But first, may I walk on two legs when we are done? Its uncomfortable on my knees." Caleb said

"You will adjust." The voice said. "How about instead you switch to feet and hands? You need to be here to learn how to eat. How do you eat boy?"

Caleb rose to his hands and feet, his behind, still shaking, sticking in the air behind him. "I eat with a fork and spoon." Caleb said.

"No you don't silly boy." The voice laughed. "You eat like this. You eat on all fours, out of a bowl with your face. Spoons and forks aren't for you. They're slow. Do you want to be slow?"

"No. But can I be on two legs, at least for now? I'll still eat how you want." Caleb asked hopefully, wagging his behind.

"Very soon boy." The voice promised. "You're doing so good. I suppose you can stand up but you'll disappoint me. Do you want that?"

"No, but I need to be on two legs to get around school, I promise I will be on all fours like you want soon though." Caleb said. His behind stopped wagging. He knew he was disappointing the kind voice, but he needed to be on two legs to get around.

"I will teach you more tomorrow boy. But you will not question me again." Now the voice was firm. "Off to bed boy. We will talk tomorrow."

"Thank you master!" Caleb got up and headed to bed. He shared a room with his brother Rod, and he ran into him as he entered. He began wagging his behind. "Hey brother! Ready for bed?"

Rod yawned. He was more than ready and completely exhausted. His brother was no doubt listening to another hypnosis video. He didn't think Rod knew. Rod did though, no way not to know about it. He just chose not to comment on it. "What's got you so happy?"

"Because I know I have a master that loves me and will tell me..." Caleb shook his head. "I just feel good!" He said, continuing to wag his behind, itching it now and then.

"Master?" Rod mumbled. "What on Earth did you do this time you twit?" His eyes drifted to his brothers rapidly vibrating rear end. "What are you doing? Why can't you hold still?"

Caleb shrugged. "I've got to show my happiness somehow!" He itched again at his rear.

"Then smile you freak." Rod said. He raised an eyebrow. "You're acting like a loon you know."

"No I'm not! It's how I am supposed to show my happiness!" Caleb protested as he climbed into bed.

"It's weird dumbass." Rod said. "Now...What are you doing?"

"I'm making a place to sleep of course." Caleb said simply while circling around on the bed.

Rod just stared with a look of abject confusion. He tried to figure out what was going on but nothing he saw made any sense. This was his brother scratching his bed into a circle. This was not real. "Get up you damn loon!"

"Its not time for school yet. Let me sleep rod!" Caleb said as he curled up and closed his eyes.

"I'm not talking about school." Rod cried. "I mean...what the hell? Dude open your eyes!"

But Caleb was fast asleep. Dreaming a very happy dream filled with that voice from the hypnosis video. "Good boy...good dog." It seemed to say.

"What the hell did you do twerp?" Rod shook his head. "Can't sleep yet. I've got to unshit the bed for us again you stupid ass." He left the sleeping boy and went to their computer. "Let's see what is on here twerp."

The first file Rod found was titled Canine Bliss. As he prepared to click, he noticed something. It read "Side B". Rod shrugged and hit play.

"Welcome. You came to this video because something is happening to your brother. Something wonderful."

"To my brother?" Rod laughed. "Oh God, something wonderful. He's finally going to grow a brain!"

"Not at all. If anything he is going to lose his brain. You need to be there for him."

"Why me?" Rod asked. "What am I, his keeper?
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"You are. Your dog needs a keeper obviously."

"He does?" Rod scratched his head. "But wait, he's my brother..." He had yet to question why he was talking to a recording.

"Is he acting like your brother?"

"What do you mean?" Rod asked.

"Just tell me, is he acting like your brother?" Rod thought it over.

He's...wagging his rear? He's scratching the bed? Rod frowned. "That's not...is that normal?" His head felt like honey. Rod shook it, trying to get it clear. "He's...not acting like him?"

"No, he is not. What is he acting like?" Again Rod's head hurt. The answer...it came!

"He's acting like a dog?" Rod asked.

"Obviously. Dogs need an owner. A less curse happy owner."
"They need me to...they need what?" Rod pounded on his head. "What are you telling me?"

"Don't you want a dog? Don't you want to be a dog owner? Isn't your brother a dog?"

"I'm not sure..." Rod said. "I didn't..do I? What do I need to do?" Now he was entrenched.

"Simple. Support your new dog! You are his owner!"

"I'm his owner." Rod repeated. "How do I support him?"

"Well first of all, what is your brother?"

"An idiot." Rod grinned.

"No no no. Not how he acts, what IS he?"

"I suppose an idiot doesn't count." Rod laughed. "He's a dog?"

"There you go. He is a husky dog! And you are his owner!"

"Yeah he's a husky." Rod whispered, his eyes starting to glaze over. "He's a husky...he has school tomorrow, he can't be a husky!"

"He is confused right now. You need to help him realize what he is."

"How do I do that?" Rod asked. "It's not easy." The voice was cool. He could reason with it.

"Just support him. Be a loving master for your new dog, Caleb."
"For my new dog Caleb." Rod's eyes felt heavy. He had to rub them to keep the screen in focus. "What? Why am I--

"Relax Rod...nothing bad is happening....now, what is your brother?" The voice cut into Rod's brain.

"My-my brother is my brother." Rod said. "That's true right?"

"Yes...but what is he?"

"He is" Rod bit his bottom lip. His brother crawling around, wagging to show affection. "He's a dog."

"There you go! And what are you?"

"I'm his master." Rod said, confidence gaining ground. "I am my brothers owner."

"Yes, you are. The owner of a lovely husky. Now that your confusion is cleared up, you may go to bed." The screen went dark of its own accord.

Rod's head was spinning rapidly. He stumbled away from the computer and back towards his room. Each step was a labor.

Caleb stirred as he heard the door open. "Rod? What are you doing? Its 3 Am. We don't have to be up for another three hours."

"Three am?" Rod blinked. "It can't be, I was just listening for twenty minutes!"

"Thats okay...I liked the video too. Do we have to get up already?"

"You-you watched that?" Rod asked. "What did...it tell you?"

"Does it matter? It made me happy!" Caleb started wagging his behind.

"I suppose not..." Rod said. "You're right though, it's late. Caleb, to bed."

"You don't have to tell me." With a yawn, Caleb curled back up.

"Good boy." Rod whispered, before nodding off himself.

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Caleb woke with a yawn. Rod was still asleep. He looked at the clock. 5:30. He had thirty minutes. Might as well get up. Stretching out, he got up and headed to the computer. "Maybe a little bit more this morning." He said, behind wagging slowly. There was an icon already on the desktop. Apparently Rod liked this too! He clicked it and sat back with the volume slightly down.

The file now had a new name, or maybe it was a new file. Now it read Canine Obedience. This change went unnoticed as it started playing to the listener.

"Hello there." The voice returned. "How did you sleep Caleb?"

"Wonderful! Best I have slept in a long time. I feel relaxed and happy!" The voice laughed.
"Very good boy, very good." The voice swirled. "Tell me, how does your mind feel Caleb. What are you?"

"I'm a dog!" Caleb said happily. "I feel a bit dumb."

"Correct boy. Good dog." The voice laughed. "You needn't worry, you aren't dumb though. You are merely changing. You have no need for complicated instructions anymore boy. Do you understand?"

"Of course! I am so glad! I was tired of worrying about things."

"Well you won't have to anymore Caleb." The voice said. "I'm going to teach you one of the most important aspects of being a dog. Are you ready?"

"What is it what is it!!!!???" Caleb said as his behind wagged furiously.

"Calm yourself boy." The voice said. "You must obey me." The voice was firm. "Stop wagging."

Caleb consciously tried to stop his behind. It was very hard. He was so happy! But he needed to obey the voice. Finally it calmed.

"Good boy." The voice praised him. "You've begun your next round of training. I am going to teach you how to be an obedient dog."

"I am an obedient dog!" Caleb said as he held down on the urge to wag.

"You may be one yet." The voice said. "What is a master?"

"A master is someone who owns someone else?" Caleb asked curiously.

"Correct." The voice said. "Now for the big question. Caleb who is your master?"

Now Caleb was confused. He cocked his head. "Me? No one owns me."

"So you're a dog without an owner?" The voice tsk-tskd. "You call yourself a good dog? How can you be a good dog without a master to obey?"

Caleb thought. The voice was right of course. "But I want to be a good dog. Who is my master?

"Let's see if you can figure this out boy." The voice said. Now it was soothing again. "Good dog. Now, who do you have to listen to?"
"You?" Caleb asked as the tip of his tongue started to hang out a bit.

"Yes I am a Master for you." The voice said. "Good dog! Now who else."

Caleb racked his brain. "Well...my big brother always looks after me at school..."

"Good dog." The voice said. "Yes, your brother is a Master also. Now your brother is a special Master. He is your Owner."

Caleb's behind began wagging furiously. "Yes! I know now. Rod is my owner!"

"Yes he is boy." The voice said. "Now very soon your owner will take you into school. There you will have many Masters. You must listen to them but listen to Rod above all else. Soon you will only have to listen to Rod. Until then though don't be afraid, okay boy?"

Caleb felt a burst of happiness and a strangled sound escaped his throat. "Arr-I'm not afrark! I have Rod to take BARK of me!" He began wagging his butt again, and this time he felt a swelling.

"Stop for now boy." The voice commanded. "Do you know that noise you just made? Don't say, just nod if you do."

Caleb was rather confused. "What sound did I make?"

"Surely you know boy." The voice played back Caleb's bark. "Every time you feel the urge to make this noise, give in. It is a sign. The dog in you is trying to get out. Let it out. Every time a little more will get out.

"For now boy you will do as I say." The voice whispered, let itself coil around Caleb's brain. "You're going to speak like a human and go to school. You will act like a human but know you are a dog. When you feel like a dog the strongest, bark. Let it out. Do you understand?"

"I have...a dog in me? How? That is an animal. I'm a human." Caleb said in a sudden moment of clarity.

"Are you human?" The voice asked. "What do you feel inside of you?"

Things became even more clear. "I feel human...wait, what's happening, what are you doing to me?"

"Not a thing." The voice said. "You chose to click this file. You've come back to me. It's not my hand that guides you."
"But still, I've felt weird since watching this file. Dumber. Its only now started to clear. I'm reporting this as a dangerous link." Caleb began to move the mouse.

"Stop boy!" The voice commanded.

The firmness of the command made Caleb hesitate over the report button. "What?"

"Stop" The voice commanded. "Now lower your hand. To your side, good boy!"

Caleb slowly began to lower his hand, the mouse sliding off the report button. "Okay, I did what you asked. Now, do you want a chance to explain yourself before I click report?"

"Just one thing." The voice whispered the next part. "How do you feel?"

"I told you, like a human! Now stop screwing with my brain!" Caleb said sharply, but didn't go for the report.

"That's what you think," The voice said, "I didn't ask that. I asked how do you feel. Stop fighting, just close your eyes and ask how you feel."

The voice was right, it hadn't asked that. Caleb closed his eyes. "I can't tell...scared. Scared that you are doing something to my mind."

"What else?" The voice asked. "If it's only fear, you would have run away a long time ago. But it's not just fear. Is it, my good boy?"

Caleb's mind began to calm a bit. "I'm a good boy?"

"Yes you are!" The voice praised. "Admit it, you like knowing you are a good boy. You can say it, don't worry I won't share. Anything here stays between us."

"I like knowing I'm a good boy! I am a good boy!" Caleb said as his behind slowly began to wag again.

"Yes you are." The voice was upbeat, positive. "You are the best dog I've ever seen Caleb."

"I'm a good dog! I'm an animal! Bark!!!" Caleb said happily as he felt a tingling in his behind followed by an itching.

"Yes you are an animal." The voice was calm. "You are an animal who is owned by Rod. And he will treat you very well."

"I'm a dog! I'm an animal! Bark bark!!" Caleb said excitedly as he felt a pressure arise in his pants.

"Yes you are a dog!" The voice proclaimed. The voice drew out Caleb's inner canine. "Now shout it to the world!

"I'm a dog! I'm a husky!" Caleb shouted.

"Bark for me!" The voice yelled.

"Bark!!!!" Caleb obeyed as he felt a surge go through his spine. He now felt something in his pants wagging.

"Good. Now stop!" The voice was firm again. "Caleb you have just begun to let your dog out. Soon it will burst free. And soon you must return to the human school. Be ready my good dog." With that the recording stopped.

Caleb stood. Thankfully he'd lost the urge to wag his behind. Instead he could feel something else wagging within his pants. But he didn't care. He felt strange. Like he'd lost a part of himself only to have it replaced with something...dumber....but happier.

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Rod woke feeling like crap. His body was heavy and his room was empty of his brother. He sat up, shaking his head. "Crap in a bucket I feel weird." He yawned. "My mouth is like cotton...Caleb?"

The room was empty. Caleb? Missing. Rod stretched and climbed out of bed. No brother anywhere. He needed to find him because...Caleb shouldn't be out without me letting him out?

"Why did I think that?" Rod walked over to the door. "It's an hour till school..." The computer flashed into his head. "I could...I need to check that out." Almost like a puppet Rod walked out to the computer.

Caleb stood there in a trance. Rod wanted to react but instead he dropped in front of the computer. Now the file read Master Behavior. Ignoring his changing brother, Rod turned the file on.

"Welcome back Rod. Before we begin, do you have a pet?" The voice asked.

"A pet?" Something stirred in Rod's head but he pushed it down. "No."

"Sure you do, look behind you. Tell me what you see."

"I see?" Rod spun back. Caleb stood there, a dazed smile on his face and his tongue drifting in and out of his mouth. "My brother?"

"Well yes, but look closer. What is he?" The voice pressed.

"He's Caleb." Rod said. "He's a human boy. He's a good boy?" Rod cocked his head. "No...he's a good dog? Wait that can't be right."

"Look behind him, what do you see? That should clear things up."

"No way you pervert!" Rod said, snapping back to life. "I'm not-" Caleb's rear wagged. "-wait what is that?" It was only a small wag, but it was enough to make Rod investigate. He got up and walked around behind his dazed brother, and there, in his pants, was a four inch tent wagging back and forth slowly. "WHAT-"

"Calm down Rod...come back to me..." The voice cut in.

"How the hell am I supposed to be calm!?" Rod screeched. "My brother has a damn tail! A damn tail!"

"Language Rod!!!" The voice practically yelled.

"You language yourself!" Rod screamed, yelling a truly threatening threat. "My brother has a tail! You did it didn't you!" Never mind he was yelling at what was supposed to be a recording.

"Rod...look at your pet. Does he look upset?" Rod frowned.

"My pet? He's my brother you goddamn freak..." Caleb was smiling though. His mouth was open. "Caleb? You in there?" Rod snapped his fingers. No response. "He's...he looks happy?"

"Yes, your pet is very happy Rod, he has you to take care of him. To care for his every need."

"He's my pet?" Rod asked. He shook his head. "No you're a liar--

"But what kind of pet is he Rod? It should be obvious to you by now." Rod looked at the lump. The slowly wagging lump. Then at his brother's smiling face.

"He's a dog." Rod whispered.

"That's right Rod, he is a beautiful husky. Your pet. What is your job?"

"I'm his owner." Rod said. "No that's not right is it?"

"Rod stop fighting. You've always wanted a dog, now you are getting one. Caleb is a dog, your pet. You are his owner. Just look at his growing tail! Do humans have those?"

"No they don't." Rod said.

"So therefore Caleb is a...."

"A dog." Rod said. "That I own?"

"Yes, he is a dog, an animal. You own him."

"I own him..." Rod said. "Why me?"

"Simple, you are a loving human, and this dog needs a loving human."

"What does a good owner do?" Rod asked.

"Well take care of your dog. You feed him, walk him, let him out to use the restroom, support him, and help him when he is confused."

"He still looks human though." Rod said. "And we have school."

"Before we go on, I just want to make sure....what is Caleb?"

"Caleb is a dog." Rod said confidently.

"Good, now would you like him to look more like a dog?"

"Now?" Rod asked. "No...we need to go to school." His eyes were unfocused and his attention was wandering. "We need school..."

"Correct, you need school to learn you need to be a responsible human. But what about Caleb?"

"I want to show everyone my new dog..." Rod said. "Don't I?"

"You do...and wouldn't you like your dog to eventually look the part? Right now he could create some confusion as to whether he is your brother or a dog."

"Can other people help him realize?" Rod asked.

"Yes. But you need to support his canine actions. I have a feeling he isn't going to take to them immediately. Try to get him feeling like the dog he is inside. If he barks, it will let some of his true self out."

"Okay." Rod said. "I need to reward him don't I?"

"Yes, of course, animals love rewards! Now, are you ready to help your new dog find himself? No more silly notions about Caleb being your human brother?"

"None at all." Rod said. He grinned. "Caleb is my dog!"

"Well done Rod! Now, go take care of your dog...oh...and after school, you might want to bring him to watch this again!" The video shut off on its own.

Caleb shook his head. "Bro? You up? Don't we have school today?"

"Yeah we do." Rod said, scratching his head. "We need to get going..." He took a second look at his computer before the two headed out.

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Caleb's stomach grumbled as they walked out and he felt the pressure in his pants pause. "MMMhhhh....Rod I'm hungry. We didn't eat anything."

"You'll get food later, we're late now." Rod said. "Don't worry, I'll get your bowl full this evening and you'll have food at school."

"Okay bro." Caleb whined a bit. "Lead on."

Rod lead his brother by the shirt collar straight to school. He didn't know why he did this but he kept his brother's shirt in his hand. Any time he tried to move, Rod pulled him back. Soon they made it to the front door.

Caleb suddenly surged forward breaking out of Rods grip. "So many people! So many people!" He felt so excited, and could feel the pressure in his pants return.

"Caleb what are you-Damn it!" Rod took off after his brother. "Bad boy, do not run away from me!"

"Bad boy??? I'm not a dog Rod." Caleb said quizzically.

"Bad boy!" Rod then smacked Caleb on his lower back. "Do not run away from me do you hear?"

"What the heck bro! I'm not a dog!" Caleb yelled. Rod ignored his disobedient dog. Instead he gripped his shirt.

"Now you get to your first class." Rod said. "I'm trusting you to be obedient. Get to class, understand? Do not be bad."

"But bro! I wanna stay with you! I'll be a good dog with you for sure...." Caleb blinked. "Please!!!!"

"How about this." Rod said. "You go to class. If you get scared, come find me." He smiled. "I'm right down the hall."

"O-okay bro." Caleb walked to his English class and sunk into a seat in the middle. The teacher droned on about something he couldn't understand, and Caleb started drooling. He did hear some kids behind him muttering.

"Hehe...what is in his pants? Did he shart himself? Look its moving." One boy said.

"Shh, shh...idea." Another said.

Suddenly, a pain shot up Caleb's spine. "YIPE!!!!!" His mind clouded over as he jumped up and backed against the wall.

"Caleb?" Asked the teacher.

But Caleb wasn't interested. He could feel something furry snaking its way down his pant leg. "Barkbarkbark!!!" Caleb said. He felt an extra surge before it stopped, replaced by a pain in his pants, as if his spine itself was bent. Whimpering, he ran out of the class. "Rod!!!!"

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Rod meanwhile was also disinterested in class. The teacher was droning on and on about nothing important. Or nothing that mattered. His thoughts were with his younger brother currently in class.

"I need to quit worrying." Rod mumbled. "I need to just pay attention in class..." Like that was going to happen. Again his thoughts returned to Caleb. Now he felt a twinge in his heart. "He's probably scared..."

No stop! Leave it alone. He knows your orders, if he is good he will obey. Rod forced a nod. He will obey.

"He will obey." Rod didn't believe that. "He's not trained. He's still just a puppy isn't he?" Rod stood up. The teacher made some protest but Rod ignored him. "Maybe if I just-

"Rod!" The cry broke into the room. Rod bolted out the door.

There was Caleb, running towards him. "Rod! Someone pulled on me! It hurt!" It really did, Caleb could still feel the twinge in his lower spine.

"I'm here now." Rod opened his arms and let his brother run into them. He stroked his hair. "I'm not going to let them hurt you."

"I know brothe-ark!" Caleb's voice broke and he felt a gentle tugging in his ears.

"If you want we can go now." Rod said. "Would you like that boy?"

"But Rod, we have school. We can't just leave."

"I won't tell if you won't." Rod said, smiling. "I'll take you some place more fun." He scritched his brother's ears.

But Caleb was resolute. "No, bro I'm not going to let you take the fall for me, I'm too loyal for that. But I won't go back with those mean kids. Can't you just tell the guidance counselor that I am scared, and I want to be with my brother? She is good at understanding stuff like this."

"I can do that." Rod said. "Maybe I can have you sit in my classes. Would you like that?" He scratched Caleb's head.

Caleb leaned into his brother's hand. "I would bro."

"Alright let's go see her then." Rod scritched down Caleb's head. "Good dog."

"Dog?" Caleb asked. Why was his brother treating him like an animal today?

Rod ignored his pet. He gripped him by the collar and gently lead him down the hall to the guidance counselor's office.

"So Rod, what are you going to tell her? I don't want you to miss school because of me." Caleb said.

"Nothing big." Rod said. "I'll just ask if you can sit with me in class. I don't think they'll mind, you're nice, don't have fleas." He smiled.

"Of course I don't. Its not like I am a dog." Caleb said with a laugh.

"It's not?" Rod frowned. "You need to stop that." He opened the door to the counselor's office and escorted his pet inside.

"Where should I sit bro?" Rod rolled his eyes.

"On the floor, where else?"

"But-" Caleb started.

"Floor!" Rod snapped his fingers.

A feeling welled up inside Caleb. He should listen to his master. "Bark!" He said softly as he gingerly sat on the floor. The tugging feeling in his ears returned.

"Goodboy!" Rod praised, sitting beside his brother. He pat him on the head. "This wont take long."

"Good morning Rod, and errr...Caleb." Mrs. Roberts, the counselor said. "Ummm...would Caleb like to sit in a chair?"

"No he'll be fine." Rod said. "Won't you boy?"

Caleb felt strange...he couldn't put his finger on it, but being on the floor made him feel somehow...dumber. "Bark!" He replied as he felt his ears tug again.

"Ummm...what's with his ears? And the barking?" Mrs. Roberts asked with a confused look.

"That's..." Rod's eyes unfocused. Something activated, something from the video. "That's his dog costume." Rod's voice was dead.

"Dog costume??? Why is he wearing that?" The counselor cocked her head. She couldn't take her eyes off Caleb's ears.

"Do you know what a furry is?" Rod asked.

"No, I'm afraid I'm not up to date on that fad." She said with a confused look.

"They're people who identify with an animal." Still not a trace of feeling. "For my brother that animal is a dog. Isn't it Caleb?" He stroked his brothers ears.

Caleb did indeed identify with a dog right now. He barked happily as he felt the tugging sensation intensify followed by an itching.

"He is wearing a transforming costume?" The counselor asked, eyes wide at the sight of the boy's ears visibly pulling into furry canine triangles.

"Not cheap." Rod said. "Very realistic isn't it. Would you like to pet him?"

"Ummm...okay? But then we need to discuss why you are in here. You need to get to class." Mrs. Roberts walked around and scratched Caleb behind his ears.

Caleb was in ecstasy. He leaned into her hand, and let his tongue flop out to pant. She drew her hand back at the sight.

"The costume came with a dog tongue???" She asked, beyond confused at the sight of the long, very realistic tongue hanging from his mouth.

"Impressive, I know." Rod said in his monotone. "But just a trick. It's all just a trick. Isn't it Caleb? Bark for her."

Caleb was in no mood to disagree. "Bark!" He complied as his tongue started to drool.

"Okay, whatever floats your boat I guess. Now...why are you here?"

"I would like permission to keep Caleb in class with me." Rod also wasn't blinking. This went unnoticed.

"For what reason? Doesn't he have class too?"

"Yes he does." Rod said. "But the other kids are making him miserable. He wants to be near me." Rod rubbed his brothers head.

"But what about his own grades? He needs to do his work Rod."

"We will pick up his homework after." Rod said. "If you refuse Caleb will just go home. At least this way he isn't missing school."

Mrs. Roberts looked at the panting boy. "Very well, just be sure you pick up his work. And Rod? Get him help, I don't think this furry stuff is good for him."

"Bitch." Rod mumbled. He stood up and escorted Caleb away. "Say good-bye Caleb."

Caleb's mind cleared slightly as he stood up, but he felt somehow happier as he walked out into the hall. Suddenly he started whimpering. His spine felt like it was bent painfully. "Oh Rod! Something hurts!" He clutched at his behind.

Rod didn't respond. He bent his brother over and tapped the bulge above his rear. It twitched rapidly. It moved like a creature with a mind of its own. Rod did the only thing a good owner can do.

He pulled his brothers pants down enough to get his new grown tail free. He pulled them back up under the tail. The fuzz around his mind broke.

Caleb looked back at his tail wagging happily. It was covered in black fur with white on the bottom. Things started to muddle in his mind. "I...have a tail...?"

"Of course." Rod said. "You are a dog, dogs have tails. Stop acting weird Caleb, now come on."

But Caleb didn't move. His tail stopped wagging as he held a hand to his head. "Bro, something feels...off. I can't think straight. Strange thoughts keep getting in the way. Whenever I try to think of the work I'm missing in class images of bones flash in my head. There is also a girl husky dog that I think of whenever I think of that girl I have a crush on here."

"She might have a crush on you too." Rod said, trying to get Caleb moving. "You're a big strapping husky."

"A husky?" Caleb kept his hands to his head. "Ugh..I can't think!!! What are these simple thoughts that keep breaking in!?"

"What strange thoughts?" Rod asked. "What are you talking about? You need to be quiet while we're in class, dog."

"Thats just it. Most of my thoughts are of human things, but a small part keeps interrupting with things that I know a dog would think....which should I follow?"

Rod sighed. This stupid animal is going to drive me up the wall. "You are a dog, you think like a dog and only a dog. Duh. Now get moving."

"I guess...that makes sense. But what about my girlfriend?" Rod frowned.

"You don't have a girlfriend." Rod said. "Humans have girlfriends." He tried to get his whiny brother moving.

"I do, her name is Aurora. I can see her clearly in my mind. A black haired, beautiful human....but a female siberian husky keeps flashing whenever I think of her."

"That's your friend." Rod growled, a bit dog like himself. "Now get your ass moving I am late to class." He snapped his fingers. "Move!"

"One more thing brother, can we have her over sometime?" Rod rubbed his aching forehead. Nothing is more annoying than a disobedient dog.

"Yes you can have Aurora over sometime." Rod said. "She might like to play with you."

"Okarrk!" Caleb said as his voice broke into a bark at the thought. He started to itch under his shirt.

The two finally made it back to class. Rod stammered an explanation and dragged his fur growing brother over to his desk. Everyone's eyes were on Caleb but Rod's explanation satisfied the teacher as to why he was here.

"Now sit down." Rod growled, sitting at his desk.

Caleb sat on the floor, careful not to crush his tail. The teacher's words meant nothing to him. Instead he wrote rod a note. "Please bro. Tell me what I am. I have a tail and I am severely confused about which thoughts I should follow." He handed it to Rod.

Rod crushed the note and tossed it over his shoulder without reading. His hand fell down and began stroking his brothers head. He wanted to calm the dog.

But Caleb wrote the same note and added to the end: "Please! I don't know what I am! Tell me which thoughts to follow!"

"Shhh." Again Rod ignored the note. He pet his hair. "Good dog, good dog. That feels good right?"

But Caleb was insistent. Another note was put in Rod's hand. "Please..I promise I'll behave if you help me."

"How many notes are you going to pass dog?" Rod barked at him.

"Rod..." Caleb whined. He passed one more note.

"What?" Rod growled. Finally he opened the note. Rod cocked an eyebrow. "I don't get this. What's the issue? You're a dog."

Caleb sat quietly and thought. He looked back at his tail wagging across the ground. He could feel the fur swishing across the floor. He suddenly noticed how he could hear much better. Raising a hand, he found two triangular furry ears on top of his head. Then he remembered the itching. Looking down his shirt he saw a patch of thick white fur. "Maybe I am a dog?" he said aloud.

"Yes you are." Rod whispered. "Now stop interrupting me. I'm trying to pay attention. You need obedience training."

Caleb didn't want that, he gave Rod's hand a lick and quieted down. If Rod said he was a dog, then maybe he was right. His mind was foggy as he sat there.

"Blah blah blah." The teacher droned and Rod was about to nod off. He wanted to take Caleb for a walk, his dog needed it no doubt. But now came class. Rod scratched his dog's back.

Caleb really wanted to bark right now. He was so happy. But he kept quiet. Even so he could feel the itching spreading on his chest. He could hold it no longer. He let out a very canine bark.

"Rod!" The teacher snapped. "I'm willing to put up with the dog costume but your brother will act appropriately do you hear?"

"Yes but I..." Rod again went stiff. "Caleb is sick. Right boy?"

"Bark!" Caleb said as he felt more itching spreading under his shirt.

"He's barking like a dog and being disruptive." The teacher said.

"Then I obviously need to take him home." Rod said, eyes glazed over. "Let me do it."

"Okay Rod. I'll see you tomorrow. And if Caleb isn't going to take that ridiculous costume off and act like a human being, then tell him not to come back." The teacher said.

Rod stood and took his dog by the collar. Everyone watched Caleb's tail wag as the two left.

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Caleb walked into the house, he'd grown quite used to the extra weight of the tail behind him. In fact, he couldn't imagine himself without it. Suddenly his tail drooped.

"Something wrong?" Rod asked.

"I'm worried Aurora doesn't like me." Caleb says, constantly scratching his chest.

"Why wouldn't she like you?" Rod asked. "You're a strapping young dog, you're fun to play with." He tussled his brother's hair. "What's the problem?"

Caleb didn't argue. Since his Rod told him what he really was, the simple thoughts were more prominent than the human ones. "But she is a human..."

"Yes and she's your friend." Rod said. "What would you want her to be?"

"But I want more. She is my girlfriend!" Caleb says sadly.

"A human and a dog aren't mates." Rod said. The two returned to the computer, as they had twice before. "You need to realize that."

"I know...but I really want a mate. Bark!!!" Caleb let slip when a particularly dog like thought of mating another dog entered his head. He started itching his chest frantically. "Can we just watch another video? They make me feel better."

The video had apparently been waiting for them. "Welcome back Rod! I see you brought your dog home early, what happened?"

"He wasn't having a positive reaction to school." Rod said.

"You were a good owner to bring him home. Dogs aren't meant for school, are they Caleb? Any doubts about what you are now?"

"Bark!!!" Caleb replied as he felt the itching spread around his back.

"Very good Caleb!" The voice praised. "You are a good dog, aren't you?"

"I'm the best dog!" Rod smiled. He was the best dog.

"Rod, have you ever had a brother?"

"What do you mean?" Rod asked.
"Simple, have you ever had a human brother?"

"I have a dog." Rod said.

"Yes, very good. You have a beautiful Siberian Husky named Caleb."

"I do." Rod said. The voice laughed. "And Caleb, you're not human. Nor can you speak like one, can you?"

"I....can't?" Caleb asked curiously. He was speaking now...was something wrong?

"No boy, you can only bark." The voice was warm, condescending even. "Can't you?"

Caleb felt an itching in his throat. "Iarrrr can....tooarrkkk speak." Something about his was definitely wrong, he felt like if he barked then he'd forget how to talk forever.

"Come on now." The voice whispered. "Be a good dog. Bark."

"....If...bark...I good....dog? Wait. Something is wrong." Suddenly a bit of clarity entered his head. He looked back at the tail, and the fur covering his body under his shirt. "What...happening...I have...animal..parts."

"Caleb you are a dog." Rod snapped. "Stop being disobedient."

"But...skin." Caleb points to the skin on his arm.

"Is wrong." The voice said. "You have fur."

Caleb looks down his shirt and sees the thick fur covering his body. But he still wasn't convinced. "Only on my chest and back."

"Yes you cut it short, silly dog." The voice said.

"I did???" That suddenly made a bit of sense. "I did? If that is true why isn't it growing back?"

"It is." The voice said, "Didn't your chest itch?"

"It did, but it doesn't now."

"That was it growing."

Caleb looks down at the fur in his shirt and ran his hands through it. It was so soft...yet strong.

"You need to let it grow to impress Aurora." The voice said.

Her name stoked a passion in Caleb. His mind began to fog. "But Aurora is a human"

"No she's a dog." The voice said. "Didn't you say she's your girlfriend?"

"She is, but I just saw her today, she was very clearly a human." Caleb said with a disappointed tone. He was beginning to itch at his legs.

"Then you're not remembering it right." The voice said. "You are a dog, she is your girlfriend, so she must also be a dog."

"That....marrrk....sense" Caleb said, the itching in his legs and throat intensified. "But....she...ark! Had no...fur...or tail."

"She can have those things." The voice said. "Do you want that Caleb?"

Caleb's mind continued to empty as simple thoughts invaded and did not leave. He began itching madly.

"Answer him Caleb." Rod said.

The human Aurora appeared in his mind. "No she is a human.....wait..." Something was happening to the black haired girl. Fur was blossoming over her body. A tail pushed out of her pants. "I see her in my mind...but she is growing fur and a tail!"

"That's how it should be Caleb." The recording continued. "Don't you want that?"

The human had been replaced with a beautiful black husky...like him. "YES!! BARK!!! I'm a dog! She's a dog!!!" The itching was now over his whole body.

Rod could no longer see a human boy. He say a dog-man, covered in soft white and black fur. He was so distracted he barely noticed the recording speaking to him.

"Help your dog, he shouldn't be on two legs, or in those silly clothes."

"Right..." Rod said. "Caleb, here boy." He tried removing Caleb's shirt, earning a tongue bath. "Good, on all fours boy."

Caleb got to his hands and knees obediently. The moment his hands touched the ground they began to tremble and he whimpered.

"It's alright boy." Rod whispered, stroking Caleb's head. "Doesn't this feel good?"

A small voice yelled in Caleb's head. You are turning into a dog...an animal!

"I.....don't.....know....." Caleb struggled. It was extremely hard to form words.

"Sure you do." Rod smiled. He gently placed his hand on his brother's lower back and pushed down. "Come on, good dog."

"That...feel...veARKbarkbark!" Caleb replied. The small voice in his head disappeared and his tail began wagging furiously. His stomach grumbled. He was hungry. "Bark!!!"

"Rod I think your dog is hungry." The video said.

"I would agree." Rod said. He frowned. "Caleb, you're still wearing human clothes. You get those rags off, when I get back I'll have your dinner."

Caleb looked back at the human clothes. He could feel them brushing up against the fur on his legs. He reached back...but found that he couldn't get his front legs that far, and his paws couldn't grip. He then tried to reach back with his teeth, but only succeeded in running in circles. He couldn't get it off!

Rod meanwhile had found a bowl. Lacking dog food he filled it with stew from the night before. ANother bowl full of water, it would do until Caleb got proper dishes.

"Alright I'm..." Rod paused when he saw his dog running in circles. He sighed and sat the bowls down. "Come on boy, come and get it."

"Bark!" Caleb said excitedly. Words didn't mean much to him anymore, barking was more fun. He rushed to the bowl and dove in, not caring that it was dog food. He was a dog after all. He felt a pleasant pulling on his face as he ate.

Rod went back and retrieved a set of scissors. He cut his brothers pants off, releasing his fur covered legs and wagging tail. The shirt came next, easily removed from Caleb's canine body.

"How does that feel boy?"

Caleb didn't understand anything but boy. His master called him that when he was happy. He also noticed that it was a lot easier to stand on all four paws now. He barked happily. Rod smiled.

"I'm glad." Rod pet his dog down his back . "You're such a good dog Caleb."

"Barkbark!" Caleb replied happily. He didn't know what all the other words were, but he did know good dog Caleb!" He began licking his master. Caleb's tongue reached a little further out with each movement. His teeth spaced out as his jaws extended a little bit.

This change didn't hurt. If anything, it felt like Caleb's face was asleep. His teeth flowed into sharper canine fangs. Perfect for biting and gnawing with. His tongue was long and flat, how wonderful to lick things with.

Caleb felt complete. He hopped around, until a sad thought entered his simple mind. Aurora. A picture of the dog suddenly appeared on the screen.

"Hello Caleb, Rod." This time the voice was stronger. Firmer. "Tell me, what do you see?"
Caleb barked happily.

"A dog." Rod said.

"Not just any dog." The voice chided. "This is Aurora, isn't it Caleb?"

Caleb barked in agreement.

"But Aurora is human..." Rod said. "Right?"

"Of course not." The voice laughed. "And you need to help her realize that. This is what I want of you. You are going to send this new file to Aurora. It is for her eyes only."

"Only Aurora..." Rod said.

"E-mail it to her. Let her enjoy it. She will come to you two." Rod nodded. "I will leave you for now boys."

The video ended and a new file was left. Rod did as it asked and soon Aurora had a surprise on her computer.